

*The history*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers Horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villainous company, hath been the spoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it; come sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, and in good compasse, and nowe I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poepe, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No ile be sworn, I make as good vse of it as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any waie giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be by this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not thinke thou hadst beene an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, theres no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an everlasting bonfire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes, and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne and tauerne: but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty yeares. God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be hartburnt.

How

*of Henric the*

How now dame Partlet the hen, haue you yet who pickt my pocket?

*Hofteffe.* Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue requiured, so has my husband, man by man, my seruant, the tight of a haire, was neuer found.

*Fal.* Yeelie Hofteffe, Bardoll was the thief, haire, and ile be sworne my pocket was neuer found in a woman, go.

*Ho.* Who I No, I defie thee: Gods will I will mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Go to. I know you well inough.

*Ho.* No, sir Iohn, you do not know me. I am sir Iohn, you owe me mony sir Iohn, I will tell to beguile me of it, I bought you a new backe.

*Falst.* Doulas, filthie Doulas. I haue sold your wifes, they haue made boulders of them.

*Hofst.* Now as I am a true woman, I will tell you I owe mony here, besides sir Iohn, for your seruice, and money lent you xxiiii. pound.

*Falst.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hofst.* He, alas he is poore, he hath no money.

*Fal.* How? poore? looke vpon his face, he is as full as a barrel. Let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his denyer: what will you make a yonke of him? mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue a lost a seale ring of my grandfathers wifes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince of Denmarkes oft, that that ring was copper.

*Falst.* How? the prince is a iacke, a knave, if he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog.

*Enter the prince marching, and Falst. playing vpon his truncheon.*

*Falst.* How now lad, is the winde in the north all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two, and two, Newgate.

*Hofst.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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